REGINA COLI-AN EASTER ANTHEM. BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice!
Alleluia!
Th' angelic hest let thy sweet voice
Lead in triumphant hynms of praise
For this most glorious day of days.
Alleluia!

For He whom thou in purity bore, Alleluis! Is risen; and the tomb no more Can hold the faithful who will rise With songs of triumph to the skies, Alleluis!

He is risen! He is risen! Broken is the dark stone prison; Angels stand before the tomb; Easter light dispels its gloom, Alleluin!

Ho is risen. Loud we sing;
Alleluin!
But with anthoms, upward wing
Plaintive minor crica to thee.
"Ora pro notes," Star of the sea!
Alleluin.

AN EASTER BONNET:

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

Was Worried.



OU haven't tried a muffin, dear,' said Mr. Kester-"No," dismal-

"Nor touched your chop." more

dismally. "Nor tasted our coffee.' No," mos dismally. It was a very

pretty room, that in which the Kestersons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kes-

terson, Jr.
"My love, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!"
"You are ill, Augusta, or you are worried. Which is it?"

Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons of her old-rose morning gown.
"I'm w-worried," she replied, with

quite a pathetic tremble in her voice. "Well?" queried her lord.
"I haven't any money!" broke out

Mrs. Kesterson. Philemon stared.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew \$50."

"I-I know, darling; but I saw such lovely faille selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swind-ling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more, if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"

Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for money.
"Well, no, my dear; I can't exactly

say I do. What is it you need?" "A new hat to wear Easter Sunday." Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why

in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost? "I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson, "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

Philemon smiled benignantly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to

"Well, a hat, then. How much?"
"I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window-the loveliest hat, all sage green velvet and surah, and the cun-ningest little curiy tips."

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife.

"Money is very scarce, my dear, but I'll see.—I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself dawn-town.

If not exactly an old man's darling, Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But than she was barely 20.

It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart warm.

"Wonder if she thought me indiffer-ent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be de-lighted, though?" And he rubbed his bearded chin in an eestasy of anticipa-Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his des-



"YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR CHOP, DEAR." HE SAID.

tination he was startled by a slap on "Hallo, Kesterson! Where are you

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the possibility of his Dora being at that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him. "Women always do want new bon-

nets for Easter, don't they?" From the standpoint of a longer matrimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes."

"Funny, ain't it?" "Very."

"Guess I'll go with you. How do
you know you'll get what your wife
will like?"

"That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me." "Oh! Not a surprise, then?" "No.

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the partic-ular chapeau his wife desired. At

least, he endeavored to describe them "The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again."

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"Harrison blue?" "No-o.

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate. "Yes," he murmured, "I think that's

it—terra cotta."
"Oh, then, this must be it," and she

husband as himself, because a much more recent one.

"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the rossibility of his Dora being at the cord, removed the paper, took off to night—wasn't I? And I didn't the cord, removed the paper, took off the cover, and unswathed from its tissue-paper wrappings a green velvet hat all trimmed with surah and curly

"Oh!" she cried, "my hat!" For in imagination it had already been hers.



"MY HAT!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

She stooped to pick up the card which had fallen on the rug. In blank as-tonishment she read the line thereon. In wild suspicion she re-read it. In an agony of doubt, bewilderment, misery, she perused it again. Her husband had sent Dora the very hat she had described to him! Hadn't she heard rumors of his having been attentive to Dora long ago? But now! that was his writing-and his name! with his brought from the showcase a trim little dear love—oh! But Dora would be bounet.

"Has it tips? She said the one she Mrs. Kesterson restored the hat and

to-night—wasn't I? And I didn't thank you for that beautiful bonnet!" "But——" stammered Kesterson.

"It is exactly the shade of the faille, and I'll have my dress of that made up right away. It is a charming bonnet! You darling boy!"

Beamingly Mr. Kesterson received his delayed caresses. But he made up his mind at that moment that one never could understand a woman, and that it vas no use trying to do so.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Kneeling beside her 'mid a kneeling throng
In the dim twilight of the temple, where
The Easter buds, scent laden, filled the air
With sweet aroma, and the solemn song.
Low chanted, floated through the holy place,
I watched the curtain of her melting eyes
Vell their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face
Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs
Sins from her sinless lips were soon confessed,
Ah, fairest saint, were all sins but as thine?
Then lifting her white forehead from its pillowed rest,
Lurning her sad sweet visces, pure with the lowed rest, Furning her sad sweet visage, pure with thought

She nurmured, bending toward me as I sat, "Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter

An Ancient Custom. It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom so uni-versal in France and Germany and more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Finns at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year opened at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the "Has it tips? She said the one she preferred had tips."

"Dear me, yes," replied the salestady, as she smilingly revolved the latter. Then she drew down her veil, let herself softly out of the house, and hurried home. There egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be

SOME EASTER FLOWERS.

Every florist's window nor shows a mass of "Easter lilies," a popular name applied indiscriminately at this

ASTER-DAY, the glory of the Christian year, is essen tially a feast of flowers. Highest among them is the lily of purity, emblem of the Annunciation to the Maid blessed among women,emblem also of the glorious resurrection. Its beauty lies sleeping in the dormant bulb; it is the very prototype of the mor-tal which shall put on immor-

season to several differing varieties. The original "Easter lily" is Lilium candidum, a native of the Levant, and one of the oldest known species. It displays a panicle of snowy flowers, usually from four to eight in number, buds and blossoms together. This is the lily usually represented in devotional pictures. Two other varieties often referred to by the same popular name as the preceding are the trumpet and Bermuda lilies. The first is noticeable not only for the length of its blooms but also for its firm texture and lasting qualities. However, the Bermuda lily, which is very similar to L. candidum, is now grown more extensively than all the other sorts put together, in spite of being rather lacking in substance. The bulbs are inexpensive, being imported from the West Indies, and the flowers are very readily forced. They may be flowered by Christmas, while other varieties are much later. For forcing, the bulbs are potted in the autumn or early winter, being kept in a cool place until the pots are filled with roots; they are then brought into a warm holse and treated to a generous diet. They flower from eight to ten weeks after the change in temperature. A house full of Bermuda lilies is a glorious sight in the bitter winter weather; everywhere straight, shining foliage and proudly held stems with a crown of buds and blossoms. As soon as the bud unfolds the florist removes the anthers from the stamens, lest the immaculate purity of the calyx should be soiled by the fairy gold-dust

of its pollen.

Another Easter lily is the familiar calla. It is not a lily at all, being an arum. Our familiar jack-in-the-pulpit is one of its poor relations. The large whise bract which apparently forms the flower is to reality the spath which protects the true inflorescence, the yellow spike in the center. This spike is a close mass of tiny flowers. stately habit and fine foliage of the cala make it so decorative that it never really goes out of fashion, like many of its peers, for, alas! fickle feshion like many of its peers, invades even the realms of nature, and the flower of one season is relegated to oblivion during the next.

While the lily typifies the glories of the resurrection, passion-flowers are a symbol of the pain and sorrow of the three great days. A devout fancy makes every part of the flower emblematic of the Passion; the stigmas represent the three nails, the anthers the five wounds, and the curious rays of the corona the crown of thorns; the ten petals represent the ten faithful apostles, the digitate leaves the hands of the persecutors, and the curling tendrils their scourges. It is a beautiful fancy, more suggestive of Gerarde or Tradescant than of our modern botanists, though they do yot all belong to the Gradgrind school.

EASTER EGGS.

How to Color and Decorate Them - Ar Ancient Custom



HE custom of giving eggs as presents about Easter time is ancient and widespread, but its true origin is lost in ob-

seurity. In England it has been revived of late years, and the shops at Easter are full of prettily dyed ornamental eggs of all descriptions and of various prices, many of the more expensive ones containing valuable gifts. A basket or dish of freshly boiled and colored real eggs placed on the breakfast table on Easter morning is, however, preferable to imitation eggs, while the preparation of them

will give pleasure and occupation to the younger members of the family.

There are many ways of coloring the eggs; logwood chips, if used in small quantities, will cause the egg to assume a port wine color, while if more chips are added the eggs will be black. It is impossible to say the exact quantity of chips required, depending on the quantity of water used, but it can easily be ascertained when the liquid is suffi ciently dark by taking up a little in a spoon before putting in the egg. For brown eggs, boil them in coffee; for yellow eggs, in onion peelings. Cochi-neal will make eggs any shade, from a deep crimson to a lovely pink, according to the quantity used. Another way of coloring eggs is to wrap the eggs in pieces of silk of different shades, place them carefully in a saucepan containing plenty of warm water in which has been dissolved a lump of common washing soda, and boil for an hour; then remove the silk covering and allow the eggs to cool gradually. When sufficiently cool to hold in the hand, rub each one over with a little butter or pure lard, which gives them a nice bright look. Be careful not to crack the shells when boiling the eggs, or the color will boil through into the egg, thus spoiling it and making it unfit to eat. Eggs may be made to assume a sort of marble ap-pearance by boiling them in a piece of tartan silk or in several pieces of colored silk sewn together and tightly wrapped around the eggs. Bought dyes, such as Judson's, may be used as well for coloring the eggs, but are not so effective and bright, nor so amusing pose.

to use. A pretty effect may be obtained by daubing the eggs here and there with grease before boiling them, or dipping them into the boiling dye. Wherever the grease is the dye does not take, and therefore they come out spotted or striped or with other devices, as the case may be, or the name of the intended recipient of the egg way he written on it in the same manmay be written on it in the same manner, when it will appear afterwards quite distinct. In dyeing eggs care should be taken to use only one spoon, and that an old one; an old saucepan should also be used, and will an wer the purpose perfectly if previously thoroughly cleaned. Some of the prettiest eggs are coated with gold and silver; this is not difficult to do. Boil the eggs for an hour in plain water only, then when quite cold rub them all over with painters' size. Pro-cure some gold or silver dust, such as bookbinders use, put it in a saucer or plate, roll the eggs gently one at a time till the egg is entirely covered. Or the egg may be at first colored, and a name, a date, or any other device be put on in the same manner with the size and dust. Gold and silver leaf can be used, if preferred, instead of the dust, but are more troublesome to manage.

AN EASTER EVENT.

BY S. A. HARRISON.

In the hay-mow, under the hay, Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

Mamma wonders: "The hens don't lay; We'll not have eggs for Easter Day." Didn't know—in the mow were Tom and Jay, Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

"Mine red!" said Alice. "Mine green," said Max But not an egg was found that day. For the rogues had stowed them all away, Up in the hay-mow, under the hay.

"How warm and supny," said little May, "Let's go out in the loft to play."

So they frolicked and tossed the hay; "Look!" cried Alice. "A nest!" cried May, "Reen a nest for many a day; Now we'll have eggs for Easter Day."

Two boys, that eve, strolled in from play— Though twas Easter eve, they'd nothing to say,

THE HISTORY OF EASTER EGGS.

T is said that most things in this world have their poetical as well as their naterial wild. What can be more commonplace than an egg? But in the French laws agency.

the French language it claims an entire cookerybook to itself, and enters into the simplest as well as the most recherche of cuisines. It accompanies the poor man's homely rasher and furnishes the Parisian exquisite with his omelette south at the Trois Freres. Yet the egg in all ages and in every country has been the subject of poetical myths and legends. The ancient Fins believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Wainaimon, who hatched it on his bosom. He let it fall into the water

sky, the liquid white became the sun, and the yelk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were changed

and it broke; the lower portion of the

shell formed the earth, the upper the

into stars. COLORING E368. The simplest way is to buy dyes of different colors, that are to be found in every drug store; but you must be sure to inquire for those which are not poisonous. All of you may not be able to procure them, but there are many other things that may be used, and which produce very odd and pretty

colors. Onion peels and soot boiled together, then strained, make a rich mahogany color. This color will vary in shade ecording to the quantity of each used. One of the prettiest ways to color eggs is to procure bright calico that will fade, sew it closely around the egg, then boil it. The exact pattern and colors of the calico will be transferred to the egg.

MANUFACTURE OF IMITATION EGGS. The manufacture of imitation eggs in sugar and pasteboard has become, both in France and Germany, a source of important traffic. In Paris, especially, the splendor and luxury of the Easter eggs are almost fabulous. In Germany the tastes of the people are more simple and their means more limited than those of their Gallie neighbors; consequently the cost of an Easter egg, even when most gorgeous with colors and gilding, seldom exceeds two or three gulden.

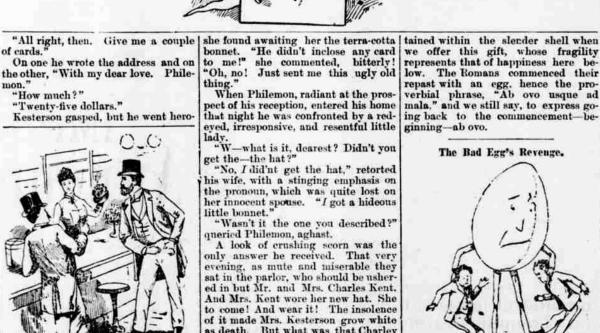
A Bad Egg.



an with a thong, drove Mr. Bad Egg away,

An Easter Card.

Even the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a higher pur-



BUYING THE BONNET. ically down in his pocket and counted

out the sum Think I'll take that one for Dora, said Kent, indicating an sesthetic hat in the window. And when he had paid for it and given the address he and Kesterson walked out and over to Kinsley's, where on the strength of their good deeds they treated themselves to a very choice luncheon. Meanwhile the intelligent and discriminating saleslady boxed and forwarded Mrs. Philemon Kesterson' terra-cotta bonnet to that lady, but inclosed Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's card with Mrs. Charley Kent's green velvet hat.

"Not at home?" "No, ma'am, but she will be soon Won't you step in and wait?" Mrs. Kesterson hesitated. She was fatigued. The parlor beyond with its

ruby portieres, its sparkling little fire,

its general air of comfort and cosiness, was most inviting. So she went in.
"Mrs. Kent said she would be back said the servant, and then by four," she drew the portieres and went away. Mrs. Kesterson, seated by the piano, bound for?"

A reddish glow, the very parody of a blush, passed over Philemon's honest face. Then he recollected that Charley Kent was probably as indulgent a lone. Her glance fell on a peculiar-ley Kent was probably as indulgent a lone. Sent description of the property and went away. Mrs. Kesterson, seated by the piano, jesting over the mistake, their purposes, and her husband saying how suit, looked critically around the room, as women have a trick of doing when The evening passed delightfully. Philemon looked at his wife in sur-

of it made Mrs. Kesterson grow white as death. But what was that Charley Kent was saying in that rollicking voice of his?

&LORD IS RI

"Look here, Kesterson, the card you wrote your wife to-day when we bankrupted ourselves on Easter bonnets, "Eh?" cried Philemon.

Mrs. Kesterson gasped. The blood

ame back from her heart with a rush.

IT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

She went up to Dora and began talking to her rapidly, cordially, affectionately. She could hear the gentlement

low. The Romans commenced their repast with an egg, hence the proverbial phrase, "Ab ovo usque ad mala," and we still say, to express going back to the commencement-beginning-ab ovo.

The Bad Egg's Revenge.

The Simnel Cake.

A very curious old Easter custom in Shropshire and Herefordshire, England, is to make a rich and expensive cake called a simnel cake. The cakes are raised and the crust is made of fine flour and water with enough saffron to give it a deep yellow color. The interior is filled with materials of a very rich plum cake, with plenty of candied lemon peel and other good things. They are made up very stiff, tied up in a cloth and boiled for several hours, after which they are brushed over with an egg and then baked. When ready for sale the crust is as hard as if made of wood, a circum-stance which has given rise to various stories of the manner in which they have at times been treated by persons to whom they were sent as presents, and who had never seen one before one ordering his simnel to be boiled to soften it, and a lady taking hers for a footstcol. They are made of different

> EASTER. BY JOHN B. TABB.

meteor, large and bright, polden seed of light field of Chistmas night, sen the Babe was born.